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POEMS <sup>for</sup>  
*Those who Work  
and Hope  
and Love*

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*By Emma Eugenie Goodwin*





1881

Jan 1st to Dec 31st

1882

1883

# Poems

For those who Work and  
Hope and Love

by  
Emma Eugenie Goodwin  
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New York  
1915

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## TO MY BROTHERS

This I have fashioned of my thought  
With heart sincere I offer you,—  
You, too, have known youth's prescient instinct  
O'er clouded by life's late experience,—  
You, too, have seen your dream-world fade away  
When grim reality's dark shadow intervened,—  
You, too, have felt the race-old pang of disappointment,  
And the keen edge of sorrow has cleft your quivering heart;  
But the grateful joys of human kindness have touched you,  
Healing many a hurt,  
While the good earth has yielded beauty  
And the rare zest of living,  
And though each soul stands quite alone  
Upon the brink of mystery, we still believe  
There is one life of which we are a part,  
One love supreme which we may take and give,  
And in this common round of earthly days  
It serves us well to work and hope and love,  
For we are brothers, all.

# APPENDIX

1. The first part of the appendix contains a list of the names of the persons who have been elected to the office of Mayor of the City of New York since the year 1784, and a list of the names of the persons who have been elected to the office of Mayor of the City of New York since the year 1898.

2. The second part of the appendix contains a list of the names of the persons who have been elected to the office of Mayor of the City of New York since the year 1784, and a list of the names of the persons who have been elected to the office of Mayor of the City of New York since the year 1898.



## “WHILE YE MAY”

A traveler hastened on his way  
To do his task ere close of day,  
The flowers that grew with perfume sweet  
Were trampled 'neath his hurrying feet,  
“Another time I 'll gather flowers,”  
He thought, “And joy in earth's bright hours.”

Another time the traveler came,  
The path no longer seemed the same,  
The winter snow had fallen fast,  
The flowers were dead, the summer past,  
So, empty-handed on his way  
The traveler fared at close of day.



## THE SERVICE OPPORTUNE

Though miles on miles of timbers wait  
The builder's skilful hands,  
With tons on tons of steel to build  
Strong bridges in all lands,  
The fallen tree that haply spanned  
The angry, storm-swelled stream  
And bridged our way to safety—  
Its value, who shall dream?

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
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## LIFE'S ALCHEMY

We bruise the flowers to win their perfume sweet,  
We crush the grapes to gain the wine they hold,  
Within the fiery furnace thrust the ore  
To clear the worthless dross from precious gold.

Men toil in pain that patience may abide,  
Search through dark grief that faith's pure light may shine,  
Golgotha share—life's sacrifice supreme—  
Thus to unfold their attributes divine.



## NAGANYA'S GEMS

Naganya had a wondrous gem  
Blood red with heart of gold,  
It granted him the gift of power,  
As now in days of old,  
To buy men's homage, women's grace,  
And win him wealth and fame and place.

Naganya sought his mighty gods  
Within the temple's shade,  
Thrilled with the fire of sacrifice,  
Devout, he knelt and prayed,  
Then in his idol's diadem  
He placed the great, red, gleaming gem.

Alone beside the restless sea  
Naganya found retreat,  
Of earth's rich favors his were few;  
The waters touched his feet,  
When, lo! upon the wave's release  
There lay the pure white pearl of peace.





## THE ULTIMATE

“Ah! strange the chances that our lives befall,  
That heaven keeps back, as heaven knows why,  
It often keeps from mortals one and all,  
The great heart-wish for which we yearn and sigh.”

Thus thought I, questioning, years ago,  
The while my eager feet sped on  
To reach hope's beacon flashing bright  
On hills afar. The chosen height  
I missed, and in its stead a wall  
Of failure mocked my prayer, and all  
That I had sought, most worthy deemed,  
Was still denied; strife useless seemed  
And yet an innate courage held  
Me to the path by fate compelled  
Till faith from out life's tangle wrought  
These hopeful truths—the answer sought:

We miss our chosen way to higher find,  
We lose our good that heaven may send its best,  
Empty our hands—that when God's moment comes  
We may have room to hold the things more blest.



## IN HIS NAME

The church was thronged with people,  
The prince of wealth was there  
To give a costly service  
Of silver rich and rare,  
To celebrate with fit display  
The Supper of Our Lord.  
The great throng voiced his praises,  
They lauded him indeed,  
Who gave the thing he needed not  
To those who did not need.

The night was bleak and dreary  
When to the humble stead  
A beggar came, ill-clad and cold,  
To ask a crust of bread;  
The woman gave of that she had,  
Though low her scanty store,  
And no one praised her action—  
Unless the angels heed—  
Who gave of her necessity  
To one of greater need.



## THE QUEST

A man went forth upon the way of life  
And this defiance against falsehood hurled:  
"Truth is, and truth the earnest soul shall find!"  
Then searched the treasure-places of the world.

Through halls of science patiently he passed  
To find the marvels in their endless store,  
The morrow's revelations making naught  
His precious gleanings of the day before.

The tomes philosophy had written large  
With claims of that the minds of men desire,  
Were colored by the age and circumstance,  
And served to light anew hope's funeral pyre.

The wondrous garden love had planted, sweet  
With blossoms fair to longing human eyes,  
Was shared by faithless, selfish hearts that hid  
Beneath their beauty thorns of living lies.

Religion, pointing hopeful spires to heaven,  
Won the pure tribute of his prayerful thought,  
To change the image of Eternal Good  
He found man's feeble will had blindly wrought.

At length, aweary of the fruitless quest,  
He sought his own soul's light in silence vast  
Where dwelt the consciousness of God within—  
And lo! the face of truth revealed at last.



## GRANT ME A FRIEND

Gold from the land of Ophir,  
And gems from the Orient,  
The wealth for which earth's toiling ones  
Their long, hard days have spent;

Fame that may seem undying,  
And power that may stem fate's tide—  
But grant, O God, one faithful friend,  
Though I have naught beside!

## THE HISTORY OF THE

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## EYES THAT BELIEVE IN ME

Count all beauty and all treasure  
Ever gleaned from land and sea,  
I shall find a richer measure  
In the eyes that believe in me.

In the times of stress and sorrow,  
Sick though soul and body be,  
I shall life's true healing borrow  
From the eyes that believe in me.

Though the world's opinion flout me,  
Scorn and blame my portion be,  
Clearly through the clouds about me  
Look the eyes that believe in me.

Fame may come with laurels golden,  
Fortune smile with bounty free,  
All life's glories new or olden,  
Dwell in eyes that believe in me.

Where they wait, with kindness beaming,  
Pray I may not fail to see—  
Their pure faith my soul redeeming—  
Those dear eyes that believe in me.

1871  
The following is a list of the  
names of the persons who have  
been elected to the office of  
Deputy Sheriff for the year 1871.

John A. Smith, Sheriff  
John B. Jones, Deputy Sheriff  
John C. Brown, Deputy Sheriff  
John D. White, Deputy Sheriff

John E. Green, Deputy Sheriff  
John F. Black, Deputy Sheriff  
John G. Gray, Deputy Sheriff  
John H. White, Deputy Sheriff

John I. Brown, Deputy Sheriff  
John J. White, Deputy Sheriff  
John K. Green, Deputy Sheriff  
John L. Black, Deputy Sheriff

## BETWEEN US TWO

If you were in the cold without  
Where wintry winds were blowing,  
I could not bear my fireside warmth  
With cheerful brightness glowing.

Had I the gifts of all the world,  
Were fortune in my keeping,  
They could not bring one joy if you  
Sat by the wayside weeping.

If shadows fall across your way,  
On mine their darkness lingers;  
If discord yours, my harp of life  
I press with trembling fingers.

If joy and peace abide with you,  
My heart forgets its sorrow;  
If blessings come for you to-day,  
I, patient, wait the morrow.

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## THE FAITH OF LOVE

O sing with me the joy of love,  
To the longing human heart,  
The radiant light, the enraptured sight,  
That sets us as gods apart.

And praise with me the worth of love,  
In its purpose strong and true,  
That assures the best of this world's behest,  
In our struggling life's review.

And wait with me the hope of love,  
Through the mists of earthly pain  
That chill the heart in the days apart,  
Till we hold our loved again.

And know with me the peace of love,  
'Midst the storm of doubts and fears,  
When a gentle hand, and, "I understand,"  
Bring the calm that dries our tears.

Then keep with me the faith of love,  
On that last relentless day,  
When we bow the head o'er our dear and dead,  
"For our love still lives," we say.

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## INSTINCT ✓

Through trackless air the homing bird  
Straight wings its onward flight,  
Safe in its instinct of the way,  
Through stress of storm or veering wind  
Or gloom of falling night.

Through life's strange, devious ways we grope,  
Though baffled and alone,  
Sure in our soul's unswerving faith,  
That somewhere in God's universe  
A path leads to our own.











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